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Richard Haigh, Sr.

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The following Pages are  
for

**Dedicated to the Memory**

of

**Richard Haigh, Senior**

Late of Dearborn, Wayne County, Michigan,

who was born at

Wakefield, Yorkshire, England,

May 4, 1811,

and died at Dearborn

December 5, 1904.

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## Biographical Sketch.

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Richard Haigh, Senior, late of Dearborn, Wayne County, Michigan, was born in Wakefield, Yorkshire, England, on May 4th, 1811.

He came to America in 1825 and secured employment with Joseph Harris, who was a re-finisher of cloths, and had a small establishment near the lower end of Broadway in New York City. Here he was employed for upwards of a year, when, in 1827, he engaged with John Barrows & Sons, at that time extensive manufacturers of woolen cloths in New York. He then removed to Glenham, New York, and engaged with Peter H. Schenck, a leading woolen manufacturer. Here he worked in the finishing room, and as an illustration of the advance which has taken place in the wages paid to skilled artisans, it may be said that his wages were then only \$3 00 per week and a shilling an hour for overtime.

In 1828, Mr. Haigh, having determined to master the craft of making woolen cloths, removed to Poughkeepsie and was apprenticed to the firm of Thomas Williams & Sons, of Poughkeepsie, New York, to learn the "art and mystery of wool stapling." Here he remained six years, serving his full apprenticeship.

In 1834 he returned to Glenham, and resumed employment with Peter H. Schenck as a wool sorter, at a compensation of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cents per pound. At this he was able to earn \$2.00 a day, which was regarded as high pay in those times.

In 1835, having determined to "go west," he located at Rochester, New York, and engaged as wool sorter in the mill of E. & H. Lyon, the journey being made by way of the Erie Canal, which took in those days about three weeks. He remained in

Rochester until 1837, having meanwhile married Miss Bessie Williams, the daughter of the gentleman in whose firm he had been apprenticed.

In 1837, the Lyon mill having been destroyed by fire, he entered into a contract with the Waterloo Woolen Mills, at Waterloo, N. Y., to take charge of the purchase and sorting of all of the wools used in the mill. It was a comparatively large establishment for those days, and the venture was a profitable one. He remained there five years, at the end of which time he had accumulated about five thousand dollars, which was then regarded as something of a fortune.

In 1842 he embarked in the manufacture of linseed oil at Waterloo, New York. In this business he was successful until the repeal of the tariff protecting this industry, which caused the closing down of all but one or two of the larger concerns for the manufacture of linseed oil in the country. This was in 1846.

During the next five years Mr. Haigh was engaged mainly in the purchase and sale of wool and sheep's pelts, establishing a small tannery at Seneca Falls, New York, for the tanning of sheepskins.

In 1853 his brother, the late Henry Haigh, the Jefferson Avenue druggist, whose drug store stood for more than half a century at the corner of Brush Street and Jefferson Avenue in Detroit, induced him to come to Michigan, or rather to stop in Michigan, for it was his intention to go further west. He did so, and in that year purchased the place since so well known as the Haigh Homestead in the village of Dearborn, where he resided to the time of his death.

Mr. Haigh became a skillful farmer, and the Haigh farm in Dearborn became widely known as a carefully tilled and prosperous farm. In 1873 some two hundred acres of this farm was sold to the Sisters of Charity, who established upon it the well known St. Joseph's Retreat, one of the largest institutions of its kind in the country. Most of the remainder of the farm, together with the homestead—which was destroyed by fire in 1901, but which was subsequently rebuilt—is still in the possession of the family.

Mr. Haigh never took an active part in politics and never held

office, though he was a staunch Republican and an advocate of the protective tariff policy, due possibly to the fact that the repeal of the tariff of 1842 had caused the closing up of his linseed oil factory in New York.

Mr. Haigh was twice married, his second wife being Lucy Billings Allyn, to whom he was married in 1844.

He had five children, as follows:

Capt. George W. Haigh, who was captain of Company D in the 24th Michigan Infantry, and who served with distinction throughout the civil war. This son now lives in Mankato in the State of Minnesota.

Dr. Thomas Haigh, who at one time was a successful and prominent physician in New York City, but who died in 1871.

Bessie W. Haigh, wife of Professor F. A. Gulley, of Stockton, California, who died in 1902.

Richard Haigh, Jr., at one time Secretary of the Michigan State Agricultural College, but now a resident of the village of Dearborn.

Henry A. Haigh, attorney, of Detroit.

Though Mr. Haigh removed to Michigan after he had completed a fairly active and successful business career, still his period of residence there extended over half a century, and he was at his death probably the oldest, or at least one of the oldest, residents of Wayne county.

During all his life, Mr. Haigh was a consistent member and regular attendant of the Episcopal Church. He was warden of Christ Church, Dearborn, from the time of the organization of the parish in 1866 to his death in 1904, a period of nearly forty years.

Until within a year or so of his death, he retained all his faculties, both physical and mental, to a surprising degree, managing the various details of his farm until he was over ninety years of age.

He died December 5th, 1904. His remains are buried in Northview Cemetery, near the village of Dearborn, where an appropriate monument marks their final resting place.

## Recollections of Richard Haigh.

By his son, George Williams Haigh.

My father was possessed of a distinct and vivid personality. He was a man of character. By certain methods of expression, the general style of his language and by reason of his peculiar mental alertness and vigor, he was known among his friends in America as an Englishman. When he returned to England in 1847, he was known as an American. In this sort of dual nationality he took a very great and very just pride.

The family to which my father belonged was of the great middle or manufacturing class in Yorkshire. At the time of his youth, the manufacturing of woolen cloths was done in a primitive but substantial way, mainly in the homes of the middle class of sturdy Yorkshiremen. I have heard my father say that this was a happy time in England, when every household had its loom and carder and one could hear the people singing as they worked contentedly at their tasks. This was before the concentration of capital, the building of great walled factories and the adaptation of machinery to every detail of this great industry.

Under this early method the different members of the same family would become proficient in the different branches of the work. One would be clever at coloring, another handy at the carding machine, and still another skilled at the loom. My father's taste or inclination evidently early led him to the stapling branch or the sorting of the wools. Later he mastered this craft of wool stapling, and became a most skillful craftsman in this line.

My grandfather died in early life, in 1821 or 1822, leaving my

grandmother with a large family to care for. She must have been a woman of great energy and of the very highest character, for she succeeded in so caring for her children as to afford each some measure of education, sufficient at least to enable each to acquit himself creditably and successfully in life.

My father's opportunities for education were, however, very limited, and in later life he had but little to say about his schoolboy days. He attended the parish school in Wakefield, and later in New York, while employed at the warehouse of John Barrows & Sons, Mr. Barrows, with conscientious Quaker ideas of duty, gave him instruction in arithmetic and book-keeping.

In 1828, his seventeenth year, he begins his six years' apprenticeship in the "art and mystery of wool stapling." His home is with the proprietor of the establishment at Poughkeepsie, Mr. Thomas Williams, his future father-in-law. But he is not one of the family.

During these years he seems to have been a regular attendant at night schools, where substantial additions were made to his previous education.

Coming down to a later period, a significant factor in my father's career was his business connections. The business associates and personal friendships formed by him at this period were permanent factors in his future destiny and that of his family. From among them I recall the following whose influences shaped my father's future life, and, for aught I know, may still be determining to some extent the destinies of his descendants.

Joseph Anderson, a thrifty wool carder and sturdy Yorkshireman, first known at Poughkeepsie, strongly advised my father to "go west," to Rochester, New York, which advice was followed, and an advanced position in the pioneer woolen mill of E. & H. Lyon was the reward of his venture. For many years afterward, while Mr. Anderson lived at Orleans, New York, and London, Ontario, the families exchanged visits. Mary Haigh, my Uncle George's third daughter, married Alexander Anderson, son of this Joseph Anderson, but he died soon after and Mary returned to her father's home in Waterloo.

Richard P. Hunt, President of the Waterloo Woolen Mills, was a warm friend of father, and upon the death of George Hutton, superintendent of those mills, strongly urged him to take that important position.

George Hutton and his family were likewise good friends of father for many years. Here it was that I became acquainted with young George Hutton, a promising young man, who subsequently moved to Detroit and became teller in Lyell's Bank, which, prior to the civil war, was an important financial institution in that city. This George Hutton was a frequent visitor at Dearborn in the early days, and he was my comrade and good friend in the army, being captain of Company G, in the Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry. He was killed at the battle of the Wilderness.

Joel W. Bacon was a director in the Waterloo Woolen Mills Company, and a friend of father, whose influence was far-reaching. It was from Mr. Bacon's family that my father married his second wife. It was Mr. Bacon's thrifty methods of agriculture and his beautiful and profitable farm, just outside the village of Waterloo, that inspired my father with the wish of some day owning a profitable farm himself. It was at Mr. Bacon's hospitable home that many happy days were passed by all members of the family, and associations started which have never ceased.

John Johnston, owner of a famous farm on Seneca Lake, New York, an eminent writer of his day, familiarly known as "Scotch" Johnston to the readers of agricultural literature in the forties and later, was another friend of father, and perhaps the determining influence that set his steps to Michigan and to the farm at Dearborn.

Samuel Williams, of Waterloo, a man of unusual attainments, and a valued contributor to the agricultural and scientific literature of his time, was another potent influence in my father's life, whose family's friendship was highly esteemed.

Joel Wilson was father's business associate in the Waterloo Oil Mill, and his son William married my Uncle George's daughter Sarah, thus establishing a family alliance still existing.

The acquaintance and friendship of Judge Garry V. Sackett, of Seneca Falls, New York, was one of much significance. Judge

Sackett was a man of rare qualities and charming personality. It was before him, while sitting as a judge, that father received his naturalization papers in the thirties, and it was then that a friendship was formed which has continued through his descendants, the Van Renselaers and Asherofts, to the present time.

These gentlemen were all prominent in the life of their respective communities. They were older than my father, but they were attracted to him by his activity, industry and worth, and their examples of success inspired him to laudable efforts which made his own career successful.

A phase of my father's life, better known to me perhaps than to his younger sons, was his great helpfulness to his brothers in getting them established in America. He never referred to this much himself, but I have heard my uncles speak of it in terms of grateful appreciation.

Father was the first of his generation to leave England, coming over with his uncle William in 1825. Soon after, his sister Elizabeth, who had married Dr. Thomas Austin, a physician and pharmacist, came with her husband to New York. I have heard father speak of visiting this sister during the time of his apprenticeship at Poughkeepsie and of making the journey from there to New York City and return on foot.

Then came Uncle George, slightly older than father, who had married in England and had one child born there. He landed at Philadelphia about 1833, and father at once secured him employment in the Williams factory at Poughkeepsie and afterwards in Mr. Schenck's factory at Glenham, where he had charge of the coloring. He remained at Glenham until after father had become established at Waterloo; but his progress was not rapid, and as the coloring room was in the basement of the mill, and in a damp and disagreeable place, he was gradually losing his health. Father therefore offered him an interest in the wool sorting contract which he held at Waterloo, and also assisted him in removing to that place. When father embarked in the linseed oil business in 1842, he turned his wool business over to Uncle George, who continued with the Waterloo factory for over thirty years, retiring with a

competency about 1875. His two sons, William and John, learned the wool business at the Waterloo factory, and both followed it all their lives.

My uncle Henry was the last to arrive in America, and he came direct to Poughkeepsie, where father was employed in the Williams mill. Through father's influence he secured a position for a time in the office of the factory there, but soon after went to New York City where he studied pharmacy with Dr. Austin. When father started the oil mill at Waterloo he sent for Uncle Henry to take charge of the office and the books, and later these two brothers were associated in the wool business in Seneca Falls until 1848 or 1849, when Uncle Henry removed to Detroit and established the drug store, which is still standing after nearly sixty years.

It seems but right to make reference to this spirit of practical helpfulness, which was characteristic of father all through his life. In later years it was as vigilantly exercised on behalf of his children. It may be truly said that father lived a useful life, and that his long and faithful labor was not in vain.

## Early Days at Dearborn.

By Richard Haigh, Jr.

Father moved to Michigan in 1853. It had long been his ambition to own a large and well-tilled farm. This ambition was gratified by the purchase of the Howard farm at Dearborn, which was large and of good, rich soil, but not as yet well tilled. Indeed, quite a good part of it was still unbroken.

Upon taking possession of the farm, father at once demonstrat-

ed his interest and his ability by improving the existing conditions. From "Scotch" Johnston he had learned the great importance of underdrainage, and he began a system of underdrains, which is still in existence and working at the present time. At first he used brush and boards for making the drains. This was before the days of drain tile. Later, when the cost of tile became less, he substituted this and extended the system so that most of the fields were fully fitted for high tillage.

Almost the first work in the way of improvement which father undertook was of an ornamental character, destined later to make his farm home one of the finest in the state. He began the planting of shade trees. The entire front of the farm for nearly a mile and also the east side, which was bounded by a highway, was planted out with a row of hard maples. These trees thrived and have long been an object of great beauty. The example thus early started was followed by the neighbors, and in time many of the highways of the entire state were set with shade trees.

A little later father began the planting of orchards of fruit trees, mainly apples, and this practice of setting out trees, useful and ornamental, continued throughout his life. He set out many rows of hedges, mainly spruce and cedar, which are still objects of great beauty and were a source of comfort to him always. He planted, also, many shrubs and vines as well as flowers, scarcely a year passing in which he did not do something of this sort.

During the earlier days at Dearborn general agriculture was followed. Crops of the various kinds commonly raised in the community were planted—corn, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, onions and, after a time, carrots. Of course hay was always raised in appropriate amounts and the requisite area of pasture was maintained. For many years cattle, sheep and swine were kept—in the early days at a very good profit. Carrots became a specialized crop during the time of the civil war and later. There was a ready market for them in those days at forty cents per bushel, and the annual product of the farm in this crop for quite a number of years was several thousand bushels.

Though my father had been limited in his own educational

advantages, he had made up for it by persistent and intelligent reading. He became a good farmer, understanding well the theory of rotation of crops, the importance of maintaining soil fertility and he acquired the knack of always securing a fair crop.

He made up for his own lack of early school advantages by securing for his children the best advantages in the way of education then obtainable. His eldest son was sent to the State Agricultural College of Michigan at the opening of that institution in 1857, and from that time on for twenty years his family was represented in that successful and worthy institution.

My father was a consistent member of the Episcopal Church, and, during the early days at Dearborn, took active part in the occasional services that were held in the near-by village. He had a fine tenor voice, and it was always heard in the singing at these services in the early days. He was one of the founders of the Episcopal parish in Dearborn and was active in the building of the Parish Church. He became a vestryman and warden of the parish, and held these positions until his death forty years later. For a number of years he was the oldest Church Warden in the state, both in age and years of service, and during the entire time took an active interest in the Church affairs.

Father was a man of fine integrity of character. He wanted to deal fairly toward those with whom he did business, and he exacted fair treatment in return. He gave good measure in his sales of farm products, and he insisted on good price and prompt payment. That he had the respect and confidence of the community is shown by the fact that he was selected as the executor of two of the largest estates in that part of the county.



## Later Days at Dearborn.

By Henry Allyn Haigh.

My father lived in Dearborn for more than half a century. He ruled the paternal acres of the family homestead longer than any sovereign reigned in England, save only Queen Victoria, whom he venerated. Though nearly ten years her senior, and she probably the oldest queen in human history, he survived her several years. He was, however, a very staunch and true American, and, when the test came, he sent two sons to help defend the nation's life.

My earliest recollections of my father began about the time of the civil war. My impression is that I did not at that time like him particularly well. I was much younger than my brothers and, I fancy, not of great account. The times were important. Things were stirring. The old farm seemed to me like a domain and its affairs were like affairs of state. But I was not of them. I was more attracted by my mother's sympathetic and sentimental nature than by my father's plodding, determined frugality. This was not unnatural. Later I began to see things in a truer perspective. My sense of the value of proportion developed. I began to appreciate my father's qualities. The other children grew up and went their several ways, as children do, but it fell to my lot to remain a part of the life at Dearborn for over forty years. Not many boys go back to the old home every night for twenty years after they are grown up. This I did, and with much comfort, for the "later days at Dearborn" were interesting. They showed father in a better light. They were his best days. They left a lesson of life that may well be heeded.

For instance, my father lived to great age, nearly a century, and he lived in a way that brought him a long, comfortable twilight of healthful repose. He achieved something of the ideal which sanitarians and scientists predict may become possible for humanity under favorable conditions.

Long life is what we all strive for, but it is of little value if it is dragged out in pain, poverty, dependence and distress. Such was not father's fate. His life was so well ordered that after the Scriptural allotment of time had expired, after he had striven, achieved and acquitted himself, he was left with a quarter of a century of comfortable existence—not idle existence by any means, but rational and helpful and satisfying.

A quality well worthy of emulation in this spendthrift age was his thorough mastery and habitual practice of a practical economy which simply compelled success. There was no luck, nor chance, nor fortune in his life. His acquired competence and ability for the full discharge of every obligation, the care of his dependents, the education of his children and their establishment in life, and his long subsequent period of useful life on "the sunny side of Easy street" were simply the inevitable results of his persistent course of economic practice. He never knew a "lucky strike," never "took a chance," never counted on a "turn of the market." The modern fortuitous phase of human effort was a sealed book to him. He did know, however, that well directed and faithful labor rarely failed of reasonable reward, and upon that principle he worked, and he worked hard. He never much doubted the result. He got what he wanted and, though he never said so, I think he felt fairly well satisfied.

He worked hard and long, but never at the pace that kills. He always managed to get a good night's sleep. He lived well, ate heartily, smoked for fifty years, but never had a twinge of dyspepsia, and his stomach was still behaving properly after ninety years of service. All this was not because he had an extra good physical start in life. He was a spare and rather frail man. He weighed about one hundred and forty pounds. He had no physical prowess to boast of, but he had a wonderful capacity for long continued, moderate labor, and a quality of mild persistence that never wavered.

Surely there was something in a life like this worth thinking about. I doubt if he thought about it much himself, but if I were to sum up the substance of his methods of success, I would express it in two words—*regularity* and *moderation*. These, with persistence, were the keynotes of his career.

He cleared a big farm, fenced it, drained it and kept it fairly improved; raised large and varied crops, and took them to a distant market. He did his full share of this work himself, but it was moderate and regular. There was never any of that unreasonable rushing of farm work that wears out both men and beasts. There was never work on holidays, Sundays or in the night. On the other hand, I never knew my father to be idle during any working hour. He was everlastingly at some useful thing. But he never, either in his farming operations or in the management of his other business affairs worked to exhaustion. There was always some reserve power kept in store. Regularity and persistence much more than made up for lack of speed, specially that spasmodic speed which Americans mistake for work.

So, likewise, in his personal habits and methods, regularity and moderation were the unconscious watchwords. He ate heartily of all those foods common among Americans—meats, vegetables, pastries and fruits, but always regularly and never to excess. I cannot recall an instance of his taking two cups of coffee at the same meal. If he smoked a cigar of an evening, he stopped with one. If he drank a glass of beer, the one glass ended it. He habitually retired early, slept about eight hours, and arose usually not later than five in the morning.

During all of the days at Dearborn he performed some physical labor before breakfast. In the later days it was generally something about the hedgerows, the drives, walks, flower borders, shrubbery or the gardens. He was exceedingly fond of the spacious grounds which surrounded the house, and they were his delight and comfort to the end. They were planned and laid out by his son Thomas about the year 1860, and were kept in order mainly by his own individual efforts till about the year 1900, after which my brother Richard took charge of them. Here in these broad grounds, under

the shade of the spreading maples—many of them planted by his own hands long before—father passed peacefully and for the most part very pleasantly the last years of his long life.

It was probably because he passed so much of his time outdoors in the fresh open air that he remained so well. He was very rarely ill. He used to boast that he never had called in a doctor on his own account. Yet he had no rules about health, or hygiene, or sanitation, and never thought of such a thing as a disease germ. Unwittingly and habitually, however, he practiced probably a high order of preventive medicine. He claimed the well at Dearborn afforded the best and purest water in the county, and he drank large quantities of water always. He claimed he could cure a cold by drinking cold water. If the cold were very stubborn, he added hard cider. The treatment was successful. He slept in a cold room. He always insisted on fresh air.

While he kept up a perpetual and to him a very solemn, but really only a humorous worry about petty things, he never had a serious sorrow in his life. Fate never gave him a body blow. He was never burdened by poverty, riches or disgrace. Though he commonly imagined some few clouds somewhere in his horizon, he never was really in dread of any impending doom. How could he be? He was fairly forehanded, his children were reasonably respectable, and he had the companionship of one of the most lovable and lightest hearted women in the world. My mother was about the happiest woman on earth. She had a cheer that was catching, and although my father braced himself vigorously against it, the contagion was irresistible.

After the sale of the large portion of the farm, about 1873, the days at Dearborn became less strenuous. The twilights grew longer. The smoke curled upward from the chimneys more leisurely. A long comfortable autumn of life set in. Mother said we were getting into the “sear and yellow leaf.” Autumn leaves at Dearborn were always beautiful.

There was no more plowing and sowing and garnering of many acre'd fields. Father raised fruits and berries, and kept chickens and calves. There were always a couple of calves about. The little

Rector of the village church declared that "great health could be derived from rearing calves." Certainly much comfort comes from caring for any little living creature.

Father continued to be as busily occupied as ever, but in an easier way. The things that he did didn't *have* to be done. It is the things that have *got to be done* that makes drudgery. It is the man who *has got to work* that is the slave. Father did not *have* to, but he did. There was the difference. Still he worked very faithfully. He took infinite pains that the edges of his hedges might be straight. He would spend an hour extra that the curves of a drive-way might be true. He would have the oval surface of a flower bed absolutely perfect, and he would trim a shrub or prune a tree with a precision that was mathematical.

All this was not really work. It was simply delightful and diverting occupation, no matter though he went about it very seriously.

For twenty-five years of this afternoon of life, my father made weekly or semi weekly trips to town. This seemed very important business. It was a twenty-mile drive, but the roads were usually fair. These journeys were really pleasure trips. Every stake and stone and fence post were familiar, like old friends greeting the traveler. There were always a couple of good, strong, sound horses at Dearborn, old, reliable friends, perhaps not very swift but always sure. Father set great store by these trips to town. To him they were very important, and their varying purposes imperative. Perhaps it was to pay a bill, collect a little rent (he had some little properties in town), or see his banker, or purchase some house supplies, for he was a generous provider; but, whatever it was, it was important, and he made a great ado about an early morning start. It mattered little that other and sleepier members of the family were discomfitted by these early hour performances. To him they meant business, and he would rattle off most jocundly, so as to be back betimes. This propensity for an early start and a seasonable return was a habit approaching a passion, and it brought my father keen delight—if even under protest. It is the pursuit of habit that

is pleasurable. And one may have nearly as much fun from exercising a good habit as a bad one.

In a quiet way father was a most hospitable man. I think that without so saying he fully shared my mother's penchant for entertaining friends. There were usually several guests at Dearborn, and always welcome, and he took great comfort in showing them about.

As the years rolled by my father's frugality and caution and acquisitiveness increased. These are great qualities, hard to overdo, but he worked them to the limit. He saved everything. If he had a good stick of hickory or an extra locust post, he laid it by. If he bought new sets of harness, he kept the old ones carefully. When the farm machinery wore out he preserved and cherished the remnants. So it came about that the old place was filled with things that had once been useful, and he carried them in his mental inventory of assets at full value. Every crevice and corner of every shed and barn and building, including cellar and garret of the house, were filled to overflowing with these treasures.

So, likewise, my mother was saving of her surplus goods and chattels, and the house was stored with them from top to bottom. Abandoned bonnets from before the war; parasols and pieces of lace or velvet; samplers, sotags, sandals, goloshes, pinafores, and other ancient paraphernalia; gowns of her youth, the wedding dress and slippers, to say nothing of the heirlooms, the few rare pieces of mahogany, the books, the pictures and the family silver handed down. They were tucked away everywhere. They were the household gods.

It is astonishing how old people can become attached to physical objects of comparatively little intrinsic value, and what pleasure they can derive from such possessions.

So the years slipped by, all too quickly, but very pleasantly, while these dear old people lived on in the old and happy way.

Over this pastoral scene of peaceful country life came a fiery deluge—a holocaust wild in its fury, and in a trice all these treasured trifles, with the ancient structure that had sheltered them so long, were swept away in sombre clouds of smoke.

It required no little ingenuity to persuade poor father that the thing that had happened was not really so bad. For the first time he seemed to have lost his nerve, and while the new house was rising from the ruins of the old, no tact of mine nor of my mother, no argument of anyone could quite convince him that it might be for the best.

But the big yard remained unchanged, with its hedgerows, its gently curving paths, its stretches of greensward and its great spreading shade trees. These were familiar and beloved, and amid them, in a way, he still was happy.

As long as mother lived he experienced something of the old charm of living, but when she died, though he never said it, the light of his life went out. He seemed lost, as one in a dream. He was inclined to wander aimlessly and take little note of matters near at hand. His mind drifted back to early days. He talked of his mother tenderly and reverently, of his brothers, specially of his brother John and his Uncle William, and of the trials and triumphs of the days of long ago. Passing events could not arouse his interest. His vision was fixed on something far away. Surrounded with every care and comfort that affection and solicitude could bestow, attended by his three sons and by other relatives who watched him lovingly, the end came—peacefully and painlessly—and his frail body, that had served so well, was laid in the village cemetery on the hillside overlooking the scenes of his long and useful life.







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